

VISIT...

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THE MARVEL[®] MAG OF MIRTH AND MAYHEM!



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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

WHAT THE?!

MUTANT BEACH PARTY

PART TWO!



WHAT THE MAIL??

ED: JIM SALICRUP ASST. ED: GLENN HERDLING

WE RESEMBLE YOUR REMARKS, PLEASE WRITE TO: FREE LARGE BAGS OF CASH, OOPS.--MAKE THAT: WHAT THE--MAIL?? % MARVEL COMICS GROUP. **P**LEASE TELL US IF YOU DON'T WANT YOUR FULL ADDRESS PRINTED.

387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH
NEW YORK, NY 10016

SALICRUP'S SECTION



Well, this is it. The last issue of the current WHAT THE--?! series. Please, please--hold your applause for the end. Anyhow, I thought we'd do something different this issue. I thought it would be pretty neat if I revealed some unknown facts about WHAT THE--?! and the people who work on it.

First off, the letters page in issue #1 was a sham. Nobody wrote any letters to the book before it was published. You should have figured that out.

Second, the ads were also takes. We'd like to return all the money we received from the people who didn't get the jokes and actually sent for the stuff, but we lost all the envelopes with the addresses on them. Funny how that happened, huh?

Also, I am the reincarnation of the Aztec god of dung beetles. I sleep in an old drum full of rusty nails. I shake up the soda cans in the cafeterias of nursing homes. I give out dead geckos in Rubik's Cube boxes on Halloween.

And, finally, whatever shock value the aforementioned might have is completely lost when you read the credit line at the bottom of the page and realize that this isn't really Jim Salicrup speaking--just a flawed, demented, cheaply made copy. And on that note, we'd just like to say--We had a great time doing this book, and we'd like to do it some more. If you'd like to see WHAT THE--?! return in any way, shape, or form, let us know!

Dear Marvel,

Some comments about your new mag, WHAT THE--?! First, it's great that you finally revived NOT BRAND ECCH, and it only took 19 years, too!

I've read the first two issues, and I think you're off to a good start, but one problem you have in common with the old series is that you don't standardize your silly names. In some cases you use two or three different names for characters in the same issue. Even in the cause of humor, continuity is important. In some cases, you have used the old NBE names, such as Dr. Deranged, Fantastical Four, etc. Why not do this for all the old-time characters, and just make up new names for the more recent characters?

I'm glad you're getting big name artists, such as Severin, Williamson, and Byrne on the book. In the future, why not try for other, harder to get artists? (I'd love to see Berni Wrightson doing a Swamp-Thing/Man-Thing parody.)

More Marvel/DC crossover parodies. They're always fun. And continue cutting up the collectors market and comics censorship. These, above all, need to be satirized.

Best of all are the ads. Marc Siry has the right idea. All in all, I'm looking forward to more of the series. Bring Back Forbush Man! (perhaps as a down and out sixties reject)

Paul Wardle
Toronto, ONT.

Forbush Man is back-- and in this very issue, Paul! Otherwise you can find the Way-Out Wonder on the cover of every issue of MARVEL AGE MAGAZINE.

Oh, and sorry about the names. Guess we're not up to the challenge of coordinating such a complex and difficult deal.

We completely agree with what you say about Marc Siry, Paul. He is a valued and much-liked member of our staff, and an all around swell guy. Not the type to abuse his position, as, say, a letters page writer. No sir, not Marc Siry.

Dear Sirs,

I am a proud collector of Marvel Comics and I own maybe two thousand. Lately, I had a fire in my house and only my comics survived. I'd also like to commend the crew that worked on WHAT THE--?! especially the people who worked on the PULVERIZER story which I loved. So until the Juggernaut becomes a skinny hippy who enjoys running through fields of flowers. Make mine Marvel.

A Proud Collector
Carter Peace

A proud collector--? Are you sure your talking about WHAT THE--?! Carter?

Dear Sirs, Serfs, and Surfers,

You want letters, huh? Well, how the heck do you expect to get any with an address that long? And it's hard to memorize, too. I mean, when I write to Da utter Company wit' Da Comics all I gots to do is think "The Omen" and I got it right on the tip of my tongue, off the top of my head, sharp as a hound's tooth, and soft as a baby's bottom.

In any case, I do dig your mag. I had no idea you were able to laugh at yourselves at Marvel. Issue number one's letter column was a hilarious take-off on what everyone else comments about in your LOC's. The "Bulshit" Bulletins" were a great piece of camp, as well as that whole page.

In number two (Can I say that?) it shows that you are able to laugh at the (Dyther (Ciguy as well as yourselves. Superbman and the Doctor Deranged stories were both riotous. It was a nice touch in the Dr. Deranged story saying how the first six pages didn't exist. Heck, half my collection was rendered worthless by the "Crying Over Indefinite Earths." I'll have you know that I resemble . . . er, I mean, resent "The Fandom Stranger."

Till the Pulverizer drinks decay. . .

Thom E. Lake
2410 Colusa St.
Pinole, CA 94564

Hey, are you trying to be funny or something, Thom? Whatsa matter, are we not funny enough? Is that what you're trying to say? Huh??! HAAHA?? TRYING TO BOOT US OUT OF OUR JOBS??!!? WELL, THOM?

Next Issue:

There ain't none!

MUTANT BEACH PARTY!

CHAPTER 2

THE FALL OF THE MUTANTS

STALKED BY AN OMINOUS CONSORTIUM OF THEIR MOST DEADLY AND MOST IMPLACABLE ENEMIES, THE MUTIES, THE MUTIE WANNA-BES AND THE MUTIE USED-TO-BE, FELL AFOWL OF THE LIVING HUMONGOUS MENHIR AND WERE HURLED TO THEIR--

--OOPS. I FORGOT-- WE DON'T DO SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME IN MUTIE BOOKS.

SORRY, WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.

WITNESS! THE DEATH OF THE MUTIES!

DISCERN! THE DEATH OF A MUTIE WANNA-BE!

GET A LOAD OF THE BIRTH OF X-PIALIDOCIOUS!

WHAT? WE DON'T DO THOSE EITHER? SORRY.

KURT BUSIEK
SCRIPT

HECTOR COLLAZO
PENCILS

KYLE BAKER
INKS

RICK PARKER
LETTERS

GREGORY WRIGHT
COLORS

JIM SALICRUP
EDITOR

TOM DE FALCO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

AFTER AN ETERNITY OF PAIN...

CAN WE GET UP NOW? HOW LONG IS AN ETERNITY OF PAIN, ANYWAY?

AND AS LONG AS I'M ASKING QUESTIONS, WHO ARE THE OMINOUS CONSORTIUM OF THEIR MOST DEADLY AND MOST IMPLACABLE ENEMIES?

NEVER MIND THAT, HALFSHOT! WE'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT!

LIKE WHAT... STURM-UND-DRANG?

IT'S TRUE, DUSK KITTEN--SOB--WE MUST BE DEAD! WE MUST HAVE DIED HEROICALLY, SAVING THE WORLD ONE LAST TIME! NOW, BROUGHT BACK TO A SEMBLANCE OF LIFE BY THE OVER-GODDESS RAGU, WE MUST CARRY ON WITH OUR THANKLESS MISSION TO SAVE THE ORDINARY HUMANS WHO FEAR AND SPIT UPON US!

I REPEATS! WHAT?

I NEVER SAW ANY "OVER-GODDESS RAGU!"

OH, THAT'S JUST BECAUSE YOU DON'T READ BRITISH COMICS.

THAT FELL WAS SURE DEATH-- NO ONE COULD HAVE POSSIBLY SURVIVED IT! THEREFORE--

-- WE MUST BE DEAD!

WHAT?!

THAT'S THE MOST RIDICULOUS THING I EVER HEARD! YOU'RE NOT DEAD-- A TOUCH OUT OF FASHION, PERHAPS-- BUT NOT DEAD!

I ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO BE DEAD. WHERE DO MULTIES GO WHEN THEY DIE, ANYWAYS?

AUSTRALIA!

LET'S GO!

NO! WE'RE NOT DEAD AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO AUSTRALIA!

WHAT'S GOING ON? DID SOMEBODY DIE?

YES!

NO!

BRINGING ALL THEIR KEEN ANALYTICAL POWERS TO BEAR, THE ASSEMBLED MULTIES DISCUSS THEIR PRECIPITANT MENT LIKE THE MATURE, SENSIBLE INDIVIDUALS THEY ARE...

AM TOO!

ARE NOT!

ARE NOT!

AM TOO!

ARE NOT!

AM TOO!

ARE NOT!

AM TOO!

NOT NOW, HALF-SHOT!

SAY, IF WE'RE DEAD, DOES THAT MEAN WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE OMINOUS CONSORTIUM OF OUR MOST DEADLY AND MOST IMPLACABLE ENEMIES?

... AND SOON, A FATEFUL AND WEIGHTY DECISION IS REACHED!

OKAY-- YOU WANT TO BE DEAD? GO AHEAD, BE DEAD-- SEE IF I CARE!

EVERYBODY WHO'S DEAD, C'MON WITH US! WE'RE GOING TO AUSTRALIA!



AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

NEARBY, A MORE PERSONAL, BUT NO LESS EARTH-SHATTERING DRAMA UNFOLDS...

HEY, NON-ENTITY-- GET UP!

IS HE ASLEEP?

I DON'T KNOW-- HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE BREATHING.

MAYBE HE'S DEAD.

IF HE'S DEAD, WOULDN'T HE BE IN AUSTRALIA?



I KNOW-- I'LL USE MY RE-RUN POWERS TO GENERATE AN IMAGE OF WHAT HAPPENED!

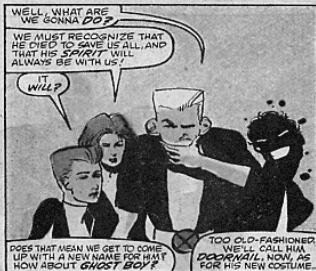
GOOD THINKING, MAGNAVOX!



BY ALL THE GODS OF NOVA SCOTIA-- THE FORGOTTEN ROMAN EMPIRE WHERE I GREW UP-- WHEN WE FELL OFF THAT CLIFF, WE ALL LANDED ON NON-ENTITY!

NO WONDER WE'RE NOT DEAD!

NO WONDER HE IS.



WELL, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

WE MUST RECOGNIZE THAT HE DIED TO SAVE US ALL, AND THAT HIS SPIRIT WILL ALWAYS BE WITH US!

IT WILL?

DOES THAT MEAN WE GET TO COME UP WITH A NEW NAME FOR HIM? HOW ABOUT GHOST BOY?

TOO OLD-FASHIONED. WE'LL CALL HIM DOORNAIL, NOW, AS FOR HIS NEW COSTUME.

DOWN THE BEACH A WAYS, THE REMAINING MUTIES HAVE BEEN BUSILY SAVING THE WORLD FOR AN UNGRATEFUL HUMANITY THAT FEARS AND SPITS UPON THEM...

WHAT A BATTLE ROYAL! WHAT A SERIES OF BATTLE ROYALS! BY GEORGE III, BUT OUR FANS WILL RUSH TO PICK UP THE SEPARATE LIMITED SERIES THAT RE-TELL THESE EPIC CONFLICTS!

WHAT YOU SAID! FIRST, THE FOUR HORSEMAN, MADE OF OL' PAPER CLIPS, THEN THE HIGH ABOLITIONARY AND HIS ABOLITIONARY WAR-- BOY, HE WAS WEIRD!

YEAH--IMAGINE WANTING TO WASH THE WHOLE WORLD CLEAN OF EVIL!

I THOUGHT YOU'D DIED AND GONE TO AUSTRALIA!

WE DID-- BUT **STANDBY**, A MYSTERIOUS ABORIGINE, SENT US BACK. AFTER THE OVER GODDESS **RAGU** TOLD US THAT WE MUST FACE OUR GREATEST CHALLENGE HERE!

RIGHT-- SHE SAID WE HAD TO FIGHT THE OMINOUS CONSORTIUM OF OUR MOST DEADLY AND MOST IMPLACABLE ENEMIES! HAVE THEY ARRIVED YET?

THAT'S IT, THEN-- WE'RE OUR OWN GROUP NOW, SO THERE!

DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU WERE LEAVING, THEN, SUGAH? YOU DON'T WANT TO BE LATE FOR YOUR **PREMIERE ISSUE!**

HAH! YOU DON'T GET RID OF US THAT EASY! WE'RE KICKING OFF OUR NEW SERIES IN A--

"**MUTANT BEACH PARTY**" CROSSOVER!

Foor

HI, THERE! WE'RE BACK!

THAT'S IT-- I'VE HAD IT! I HEREBY SECEDE FROM YOUR SERIES-- I'M NOT GOING TO HANG AROUND WITH A BUNCH OF "DEAD" PEOPLE! I'M GONNA START MY OWN GROUP-- **X-MALDOCCIOUS!**

WHAT A **SUPERCALIFRAGILISTIC** NAME! CAN I JOIN, TOO?

SURE! ANYONE WHO WANTS TO BE ALIVE AND HAVE FUN, SWASHBUCKLING ADVENTURES CAN JOIN! WE'LL BE HEAD-QUARTERED IN ENGLAND-- AND WE WON'T GO ANYWHERE NEAR AUSTRALIA!

I'LL JOIN!

ME, TOO-- I HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE REMEMBERING WHETHER MY MOM'S DEAD, I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO BE DEAD, TOO!

WON'T **SOMEBODY** EXPLAIN TO ME ABOUT THE OMINOUS CONSORTIUM OF OUR MOST DEADLY AND MOST IMPLACABLE ENEMIES? **PLEEEEEEZ?**

SURE, **HALFSHOT**—WE'LL BE GLAD TO

IT HAS A LOT TO DO WITH OUR MYSTERIOUS **S-FACTOR**...

YOU MEAN THAT PART OF A MUTIE'S GENETIC CODE THAT CAUSES **PHENOMENAL SALES**, WITHOUT WHICH WE'D JUST BE ORDINARY **COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS?**

THAT'S RIGHT. NOW, YOU KNOW THAT SOME OTHER CHARACTERS WANT TO HAVE THE **S-FACTOR**, TOO... THE **BOWER BRATS** HAVE PRETENDED TO BE MUTIES, AND **CLUNK** AND **DAGNABBIT** HAVE PETITIONED TO BE ALLOWED TO JOIN.

HOWEVER--

**VROOM
VROOM
VROOM**

IS THAT THEM? IS THAT THE OMINOUS CONSORTIUM OF OUR MOST DEADLY AND MOST IMPLACABLE ENEMIES, COME TO FACE US AT LAST?

NO...

IS IT THE **NOTRODDERS**? THE **FRATERNITY OF HONKED-OFF MUTIES**?

NO...

...IT'S **THE READERS**-- A GROUP OF COMICS FANS WHO'VE BEEN SO MORALLY CORRUPTED BY OUR ADVENTURES THAT THEY'VE REPLACED VARIOUS OF THEIR BODY PARTS WITH **CYBERNETIC CIRCUITRY**--

-- AND THEN, REVULSED BY WHAT THEY'D DONE, SWORE TO **KILL US!!**

YOU MEAN **MARVEL ZOMB**--

SHHHH--!!
WE DON'T USE THAT TERM IN **JIM SALICRUP BOOKS!**

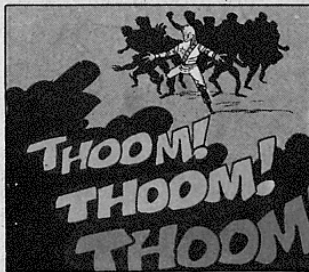
**BRAH RATA RATA
BAM BLAM
KOOOM
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
BOOM BLAM**

THE BATTLE IS JOINED--RUTHLESS, BLOODY AND SHAME, NO QUARTER ASKED OR GIVEN, BUT EVEN IN THE MIDST OF ALL THIS CARNAGE, THE OUTCOME--

--IS NEVER IN DOUBT.

HEY, IT'S **OUR** SERIES, NOT THEIRS.







WE'VE HAD IT UP
TO HERE WITH YOU
OUTSELLING US,
MUTIES!



WE'RE GOING TO
WIPE YOU OFF THE
FACE OF COMICS!!

WE USED TO BE
THE STARS-- AND
WE'RE GOING TO BE
STARS AGAIN!

AND WE'RE
GOING TO
ENJOY IT!!

HELP?

THE EVER-LOVIN' END!

"WHAT IF SHANG-CHW WERE A FAST FOOD COOK?"

MICHAEL EURY, DAVID DAY, DAN DAY, RICK PARKER, GREGORY WRIGHT, JIM SAUCRUP, TOM DeFALCO
SCRIPT PENCILS INKS LETTERS COLOR EDITOR EDITOR IN CHIEF

I AM SHANG-CHW! MY HANDS ARE DEADLY WEAPONS, AND SO ARE MY FEET... IF I DON'T WASH THEM FOR A FEW DAYS! I ONCE ASSISTED MY FATHER IN HIS RESTAURANT... BECAUSE YOU HAVE HEARD OF HIM... JUNKFU MANCHU!



MY SON, YOU ARE TO SLICE THESE TOMATOES NEXT.

AS YOU WISH, HONORABLE ONE.

HA! WITH A BOY LIKE THIS, WHO NEEDS TO BUY GINSEU KNIVES?

MY LIFE WAS LIFEDDED THE DAY A HEALTH INSPECTOR ENTERED FATHER'S RESTAURANT.

ATTENTION! I AM SIR DENIS KITCHEN AND THIS IS MY CHILD, JULIA!

I HAVE HERE A WARRANT TO INSPECT YOUR GROUND BEEF! WE'VE RECEIVED NUMEROUS COMPLAINTS OF FOREIGN SUBSTANCES SUCH AS PIG-SNOUTS AND PANTYHOSE BEING INCLUDED IN YOUR BURGERS!



YEAH, LIKE WHERE'S THE BEEF YOU KNOW?

A BARE-FOOTED COOK? THAT WILL CERTAINLY LOWER THEIR HEALTH-RATING!

HOW DARE YOU INSULT MY HONORABLE FATHER!



HONORABLE? HA! JUNKFU MANCHU WILL PUT ANYTHING IN HIS BODIES BEEF! HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED... WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR PETDOG, SAX?

WHAT A TOTALLY RAD KICK! HE SHOULD LIKE TRY OUT FOR OUR CHEERLEADING SQUAD!

FATHER! ARE THESE ACCUSATIONS TRUE? YOU'VE NEVER TOLD ME THAT SAX RAN AWAY FROM HOME!



SAX WAS SUCH AN INSOLENT PUP YOU... INSOLENT PUP! WE ALWAYS BARKED DURING DYNASTY!

YOU VIDER! YOU DESERVE A BREAK TOOK! PERHAPS A BROKEN ARM OR COLLARBONE AND!! I CANNOT STRIKE... MY FATHER, BUT I VOW THAT YOU SHALL PAY FOR YOUR INSULOUS DEEDS. WHEN NEXT WE MEET, IT SHALL BE AS ENEMIES!



HAVE IT YOUR WAY, SHANG-CHI!



CURSES! NOW I MUST HIRE A NEW COOK!

I REALIZED THAT THE ONLY WAY TO END MY FATHER'S EVIL WAS TO PUT AN END TO THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS, SO I OPENED A CAFE ACROSS THE STREET. FROM THAT MOMENT ON, I RE-DEDICATED MY LIFE TO PROMOTING HEALTHFUL EATING. I BECAME... MASTER OF TOFU!



THE END... PASS THE MUSTARD, PLEASE!

WATCHING BENNY BARUMPLUMP,
YOU'D JUST KNOW...

"I SAID, 'BUDDY, THAT'S
NO MUTANT, THAT'S MY
WIFE...!'"



YAH YAH YAH YAH

OH, YOU MEAN THOSE MYSTERIOUS
MAGIC LESSONS THAT YOU'VE TOLD ME
ABOUT -- HEY, I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR
BROADENING YOUR BASE -- SHOW BIZ IS
TOUGH! IN FACT, WHY DON'T
YOU TAKE ME IN ON THIS?
WE COULD BE THE NEXT
PENN AND TELLER...

SORRY SHECK,
I'VE ALREADY
GOT A PARTNER.



YOU'D KNOW THAT THE FUNNIEST
STAND-UP COMIC TO HIT NEW YORK'S
CLUB SCENE SINCE J. LENNO, HE
WASN'T...

THANK YOU, EVERY-
ONE, YOU'VE BEEN A
REALLY LOVELY AUDIENCE,
AND I'VE BEEN A REALLY
LOVELY COMIC...

-- GOOD
NIGHT!!

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP

BECAUSE, YOU SEE, BY DAY (AND
MUCH OF THE EARLY PART OF THE
EVENING) BENNY BARUMPLUMP
IS JUST ANOTHER STRUGGLING
YOUNG COMEDIAN...

-- WONDER IF
I'LL NEED
THESE?



BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS ABOUT
BENNY BARUMPLUMP THAT YOU JUST
MIGHT NOT SUSPECT AT FIRST GLANCE.

HEY, BENNY, WANNA SPLIT A CAB, GO TO
MY PLACE AND CATCH CARSON AND
LETTERMAN -- Y'KNOW, CHECK OUT
THE COMPETITION?

NOT TONIGHT,
SHECKY, I'VE
GOT THOSE
AAH, SPECIAL
LESSONS
AGAIN.

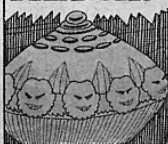


BETTER
TAKE THEM
ALONG
JUST IN
CASE...



... BUT BY NIGHT
BENNY BARUMPLUMP
IS...

THE
WACKY
DISCIPLE of
DOCTOR
DERANGED!*



OH, LOOSESEE, I'M
HOME! AND I BROUGHT
A RABBIT FOR THE
STEW!

GROAN

BY THE
HOARY HOAGIES
OF HOWARD
JOHNSON'S...

IT'S
SHOW-
TIME...

STORY & ART: FRED HEMBECK
LETTERS: RICK PARKER
COLOR: GEORGE ROUSSOS
EDITS: JIM SALICRUP
EDITS IN CHIEF: TOM DE FALCO

* YOU GUESSED IT, DR. DERANGED IS
BACK IN THE MARBLE UNIVERSE.
SEE WHAT TH-2? # 2...-35.

BUT IF YOU THINK THINGS ARE CRAZY ON EARTH, JUST TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE NOT-TOO-BRIGHT DIMENSION...

OH, SHE'S GONNA MAKE IT AFTER AW...

MASTER MASTER!

QUIET!

ALL!

MEOW.

ALL RIGHT--NOW WHAT IS SO IMPORTANT THAT YOU'D DISTURB YOUR LORD AND MASTER, THE DREAD DOOR-MAMMOODMOO (THAT'S ME) DURING THE BROADCAST OF ONE OF HIS FAVORITE EARTH VIDEOS, HMM?

MASTER MASTER-- I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO KNOW-- BENNY BARUMBUMP HAS JUST ARRIVED AT DR. DERANGED'S SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

ALSO, THAT JERRY VAN DYKE CAREER RETROSPECTIVE IS BEING REBORN LATER TONIGHT.

AH, MY PLAN IS WORKING! UN- BEKNOWNST TO BARUMBUMP I IMBUED HIM WITH A SUBSTANTIAL QUANTITY OF MYSTICAL ENERGY, KNOWING FULL- WELL DOCTOR DERANGED WOULD BECOME AWARE OF IT AND TAKE THE HAPPLESS COMIC UNDER HIS WING, HOPEING TO HIS POWER IN GOD- NESS'S BEHALF!

AND I'VE ALREADY SEEN THAT DOCUMENTARY, FOR IT'S MY MOTHER THE CAR! THE LOST EPISODE-- THAT I COVET VIEWING...

'TIS ALMOST UNTHINK- ABLE, WALOO! HOW IS IT THAT THE DREAD ONE HAS DEVELOPED SUCH A KEEN INTEREST IN ENTERTAINMENT ORIGINATING FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION??

ONE CAN NOT SAY FOR SURE, GABOP...

-- BUT MOST OF US DOWN AT THE COMIC BOOK EXTRAS CASTING OFFICE HAVE GOT IT FIGURED AS LACK OF IMAGINATION ON THE WRITER'S PART, THOUGH THERE'S A FAIR SHARE THAT POINT TO EDITORIAL LAXITY...

PROBABLY BOTH.

PROBABLY.

WELL, THAT'S IT. WE'RE OUTTA HERE! SURE CAN'T BEAT THESE HOURS, HUH?

MASTER MASTER, DID YOU INSINUATE BARUMBUMP INTO DR. DERANGED'S AFFAIRS AS A MEANS TO PROTECT YOURSELF?

NO, MY FAITHFUL, BUT PATHETIC ONE, I DID IT SO AS TO ENTERTAIN MYSELF!

WATCH!

...AND NO COMMERCIALS!

... A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON MY WAY OVER VIA THE ASTRAL PLANE--

SIGH

-- OTHER DIMENSIONAL ENTITIES LOST MY LUGGAGE! -- HEH-HEH

CUT THE COMEDY, DISCIPLE BARUMPEUM! MAGIC IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS. YOU MUST LEARN TO CONTROL AND FOCUS THE LATENT MYSTICAL ENERGY YOU HAVE WITHIN YOU! THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES!



AW, DOO, WITH ME, IT'S ALWAYS TIME FOR JOKES. MAYBE I'M JUST NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS HOCUS-FOCUS BUSINESS.

NOW, NOW, BENNY, YOU DON'T CHOOSE MAGIC, MAGIC CHOOSES YOU! (ALTHOUGH IN YOUR CASE, I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY...)



I FEEL IT IS MY DUTY, AS THE SORCERER SUPREME OF THIS ENTIRE REALM--

-- DOES THAT INCLUDE ALL FIVE BUCKLEBOKS AND NEW JERSEY?



BENNY!

... SORRY, DOO...



GET SERIOUS! TEACHING YOU IS MY DUTY-- NOT MY FAVORITE DUTY BY ANY STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION, BUT MY DUTY NONETHELESS. SO LISTEN UP, IT'S TIME TO LEARN SOME MAGIC SPELLS. REPEAT AFTER ME: BALACHT BOWLAY NIKTU...

ER... BALACHT BOWLAY NIKTU...



... EF EMP ARIK CONENAY...

... EF EMP ARIK CONENAY...



-- BANANA FANA FO FOENAY--



-- FI FIE MO MONAY-- CONENAY--

AND THERE ISN'T ANY SPELL THAT I CAN'T RHYME!

I JUST *KNEW* SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN. THERE'S NO TEACHING THIS MAN.



BARUMPEUM, SURELY YOU-- **SHIRLEY!**



SHIRLEY SHIRLEY FO FERLY BANANA FANA FO FERLY FI FIE MO MERLY-- **SHIRLEY!**

THAT'S IT. I'VE HAD IT. I'M THROUGH.



DO YOU HEAR ME, MR. BARUMPEUM? WE'RE **DONE**. I'M JUST GOING TO CHUCK--



CHUCK CHUCK BO BUCK BANANA FANA FO--



SHADDAP!

... LUCK...?



THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE--
ARE YOU READY TO SETTLE
DOWN AND DO SOME WORK?

WELL, OKAY, BUT
Y'KNOW, IT REALLY
WOULDN'T HURT YOU
TO TRY AND MEET ME
HALFWAY SOME-
TIMES.



OH? WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?

MAYBE YOU COULD
PREFACE SOME OF
THOSE MAGIC
SPELLS OF YOURS
WITH "HAVE YOU
HEARD THE ONE
ABOUT...?"



HNNMM, THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE A
COMEDIAN. I'D ALMOST FORGOT-
TEN SINCE I SO RARELY FIND ANY-
THING YOU SAY AMUSING.

WELL, THAT'S NOT WHAT
THEY THINK OUT IN LOS
ANGELES. IN FACT, I SHOULD
TELL YOU I WON'T BE ABLE
TO MAKE IT TO OUR LESSON
TOMORROW NIGHT--
I'VE BEEN ASKED TO
MAKE MY VERY FIRST
APPEARANCE ON THE
TONIGHT SHOW!



THE TONIGHT SHOW???
ISN'T THAT WITH--

NO, ACTUALLY THAT'S
WITHOUT JOHNNY
CARSON, AT LEAST TO-
MORROW NIGHT, BUT I
DON'T CARE IF SPURD
ASKENZIE IS SITTING
IN THE HOST'S CHAIR, I
HAVEN'T BEEN THIS
EXCITED SINCE I WENT
TO THE COMEDIAN'S
BALL AND GOT LESS
RESPECT THAN RODNEY
DANGERFIELD!



WELL, IF YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO BE WITH US TOMORROW,
ALL THE MORE REASON TO
DOUBLE OUR EFFORTS
HERE TONIGHT, SO--

Y'KNOW, IT'S FUNNY--
THEY USUALLY TAPE
IN THE AFTERNOON,
BUT I WAS TOLD TO-
MORROW WOULD
BE A SPECIAL
LIVE BROAD-
CAST--

YOU ARE
GONNA TUNE IN
AT 11:30 AND
WATCH ME KNOCK
'EM DEAD, AREN'T
YOU, DOC, HUH,
AREN'T YOU?



PERHAPS.

"PERHAPS"??!



IT DEPENDS WHAT'S
ON NIGHTLINE.



AW, I PROBABLY WON'T BE ON 'TIL THE
END OF THE SHOW--TED KOPPEL WILL
BE HOME IN BED BY THEN! C'MON, DOC--
PLEASE WATCH THE SHOW???

WELL, I'LL TRY--IF
YOU'LL TRY TO LEARN
THESE SPELLS.

OKAY, DOC,
SURE.

GOOD NOW
THEN--



--HAVE YOU HEARD THE
ONE ABOUT...?

SURELY YOU'LL BE
WATCHING, MASTER
MASTER...

REGRETTABLY NO, AS I'LL BE OTHER-
WISE ENGAGED AT
THE TIME OF THE
BROADCAST.

AND DON'T
CALL ME
SHIRLEY!!!



THEN ALLOW ME TO SET THE VAR SO
THAT YOU DON'T MISS BARUMBUMP'S
APPEARANCE, MASTER MASTER.

OH, I WON'T
MISS IT,
SLUG SLUG,
NOT AT ALL,
HEH-HEH-
NOT AT
ALL...

OH, BUT
DO TAPE
LETTERMAN
FOR ME,
WOULD YOU?



THE NEXT NIGHT...
GEE, I'M NERVOUS
-- FIRST TIME ON THE SHOW
AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO
THE HOST IS...



BA DA DA DA DAAAA
DA DA DA DAAAA*



JOHNNY'S MY GUEST HOST
TONIGHT IS THE DREAD
DOORMAMMOOMOO...!



...AND NOW, HEEEEE'S
DOORMAMMOOMOO!



THANK YOU, YOU PATHETIC FOOLS. MOST OF YOU DON'T KNOW ME, I'M THE DREAD DOORMAMMOOMOO, THE GREAT AND MIGHTY-- AND EVER SO SLIGHTLY DESPOTIC MYSTICAL RULER OF THE NOT-TOO-BRIGHT DIMENSION, AND--



OH? DO WE HAVE SOMEONE FROM THE NOT-TOO-BRIGHT DIMENSION IN THE AUDIENCE TONIGHT...?



GUARDS! SEIZE THAT MAN!!!



BUT SERIOUSLY, FOLKS, THE REASON I'M HERE TONIGHT IS BECAUSE, WELL, WHEN YOU HAVE AS MUCH POWER AS I DO, YOU CAN PRETTY MUCH BE WHATEVER YOU WANT!!



AND JUST WHY DO I WANT TO BE HERE? WELL, BECAUSE TONIGHT WE'LL BE BROODING A BRIGHT NEW YOUNG COMIC BY THE NAME OF BENNY BARUMBUMP WHO IS NOT ONLY VERY FUNNY, BUT WHO ALSO IS SECRETLY THE MYSTICAL DISCIPLE OF MY SWORN ARCH-ENEMY, DR. DERANGED! IT'S A SMALL DIMENSION, EH?



I THOUGHT I'D BRING BENNY RIGHT ON OUT HERE AND HAVE HIM AMUSE AND ENTERTAIN US ALL, AND THEN, PERHAPS LATER IN THE SHOW, USE HIM AS UNWILLING BAIT IN AN EFFORT TO DESTROY THE SO-CALLED SORCEROR SUPREME OF THIS REALM, THE AFOREMENTIONED DR. DERANGED.



NOW, WHY WOULD I WANT TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT??



HEY, A GUY WHO'S HEAD IS ENCASED IN A PERPETUAL FLAME ISN'T VERY LIKELY TO BE A MR. SUNSHINE, Y'HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING?



WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK AFTER THESE MESSAGES WITH A LOT OF LAUGHS AND POSSIBLY A LITTLE BLOODSHED-- STAY TUNED!!



Y-Y-Y-YOU'RE G-G-GOING OUT TH-TH-THERE???



B-B-BUT AR-AR-AREN'T YOU SO-SC-SC-SCARED??



--I'LL BE FINE IF I TREAT THIS JUST LIKE ANY OTHER GIG....



NIGHTLINE'S IN-DEPTH PROBE INTO THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET WILL CONTINUE WHEN WE'RE JOINED BY TIM HARDING, THE PRESIDENT'S COOPERATED, BUT FIRST, THESE MESSAGES...



WELL, I THINK I'LL CHANGE CHANNELS AND SEE HOW MY MYSTICAL SIDICKICK IS DOING...



--ANKS FOR TUNING IN, EVERYONE. STAY TUNING IN FOR JOHNNY I'M THE DREAD DOCK. MAMMOM DO.

BY THE RAGGEDY WRINKLES OF RONALD REAGAN, IT'S DOOR MAMMOO! MOO!!
--BLOOM
MY FIRST GUEST, BENNY BARUMF BUMP!



--MY INEXPERIENCED NEOPHYTE APPRENTICE MAGICAL STUDENT IS IN THE HANDS OF MY STRONGEST, DEADLIEST, AND MOST RUTHLESS ENEMY. HE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE!!

THANK YOU, EVERYONE. AS YOU HEARD, I'M A MAMMOO-IN-TRAINING--I JUST FLEW IN FROM NEW YORK, AND BOY IS MY MYSTICAL ENERGY DEPLETED!



IF I DON'T RUSH OFF AND RESCUE HIM QUICKLY, THERE'LL BE NO NEED TO EVEN TRY SINCE I'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN. I'LL NEVER TEACH HIM AGAIN, I'LL NEVER HAVE TO LISTEN TO HIS JOKES AGAIN, I'LL...

--IT'S NO SURPRISE I'D DRIFT TOWARD MAGIC AFTER ALL. I COME FROM A SUPER-NATURAL FAMILY--MY WIFE IS A WITCH, MY BROTHER IS A WOLF AND I SWEAR TO YOU, MY MOTHER-IN-LAW IS A VAMPIRE!

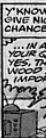


BUT FOLKS, I WANNA TELL YA...



I KNOW, MAYBE I DIDN'T GIVE NIGHTLINE A REAL CHANCE TO GRAB ME!

...IN ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION, YES, YES THE TYPE OF WOOD IS VERY IMPORTANT.



THAT WAS VERY FUNNY, BENNY.

WHY THANK YOU, DREADED ONE!

NOW, TELL ME HOW DOES IT FEEL GETTING YOUR BIG BREAK IN SHOW BUSINESS WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY, IF UNWITTINGLY, SERVING AS THE BAIT THAT I INTEND TO USE TO DESTROY MY GREATEST ENEMY, HAM?

WELL, WHILE I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT THAT IT MAY NOT BE THE OPTIMUM WAY TO INJECT MYSELF INTO THE PUBLIC CONSCIOUSNESS, IT'S CERTAINLY BOUND TO BE REMEMBERED AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, DOORMAMMOO, THE ONLY BAD PUBLICITY IS NO PUBLICITY, SO--



BLLAGGHHH!

Bllt

eh?

ALL RIGHT, WHO PUT COW'S MILK IN MY COFFEE? I SPECIFICALLY ASKED FOR COW'S BLOOD, YOU PATHETIC FOOLS...



DREADED ONE, DO YOU ENJOY "KNOCK-KNOCK" JOKES?

BUT OF COURSE--WHAT OTHER OTHER-DIMENSIONAL DESPOT DOESN'T...?

GOOD



KNOCK-KNOCK.

WHO'S THERE?

DOCTOR

DOCTOR WHO?

NO...



DOCTOR DERANGED!



AH, DOCTOR, I ASSUME YOU'VE HEARD THE OLD SHOW BUSINESS EXPRESSION, "BREAK A LEG, DENYING GOOD LUCK?"

IF THIS IS ONE OF YOUR TRICKS...

WELL, I'VE COME UP WITH A NEW EXPRESSION TO INDICATE BAD LUCK...

KONK!!

"--BREAK A HEAD!"

HEH HEH

THE MIGHTY DERANGED--HAH! NOT SO MIGHTY, STILL PRETTY DERANGED...

SAY, WHERE'S BENNY BARUMPELUMP? AND WHO ARE YOU--NO, WAIT! DON'T TELL ME--YOU'RE CY?

SI.

AND YOU HAVE A SISTER NAMED SUE?

SI.

AND TO EARN MONEY, SHE--SEWS?

SI.

I GET IT--YOU'RE DOING MEL FLANC'S OLD MEXICAN BIT, RIGHT? JUST LIKE ON THE OLD JACK BENNY PROGRAM?

SI.

BUT ONE THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND--WHY ARE Y--

BONK

GOOD WORK, BENNY--YOU KEPT HIM DISTRACTED!

YOU DIDN'T DO SO BAD YOURSELF, KLEA...

...WH--WHERE AM I?

KLEA?! MY FORMER DISCIPLE FROM THE NOT-TOO-BRIGHT DIMENSION--WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? I CAME HERE TO SAVE YOUR GUT--WHICH, AS I DISTINCTLY RECALL, MERITS SAVING!

UH, YES, THANK YOU, THANK YOU VERY MUCH--

...BUT NOW?

HAVING HEARD RUMORS IN THE NOT-TOO-BRIGHT DIMENSION THAT THE DREADED ONE'S INEXPLICABLE OBSESSION WITH THE TELEVISION COMEDY OF EARTH HAD UNBALANCED HIS MIND, I DECIDED TO KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON HIM. WHEN HE CAME TO YOUR DIMENSION, I FOLLOWED SURREPTICIOUSLY, STANDING EVER NEARBY IN THE SHADOWS, WAITING FOR HIM TO MAKE HIS MOVE...

WHEN HE DID, I ENLISTED THE AID OF YOUR CURRENT DISCIPLE, BENNY, HAVING HIM REENACT ONE OF DOORMAMOO-MOO'S FAVORITE COMEDY BITS--HAVING HIM ANSWER "SI" OVER AND OVER AGAIN--SI, SI, SI--ALL IN AN ATTEMPT TO CONFUSE HIM ENOUGH TO LET HIS GUARD DOWN, THUS ALLOWING ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO COME IN AND POW! SOOK HIM ONE OVER THE HEAD!

I WAS GLAD TO HELP.

HMM, NICE PLAN.

SHE'S THE ONE WHO SAVED YOU, DOCTOR DERANGED--THE DAY REALLY BELONGED TO KLEA.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT, DISCIPLE. YOU DID YOUR SHARE, TOO, BECAUSE AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED--

--ON A KLEA DAY, YOU CAN "SI" FOREVER!!

HI YO!!!

...SILVER AND AWAY!!

"AND NOW, FOR YOU FANS OF THE NEW UNIVERSE -- BOTH OF YOU-- WE PRESENT THE MOST DEMANDED FEATURE OF ALL TIME !.."

"JOHN TENSON
A.K.A.

JUSTICE

IN THE STORY WE HAD TO CALL:

MEETS

KEN CONNELL,
POSSESSOR OF THE

**STAR
BRAND**

WHEN TITANS CLASH!

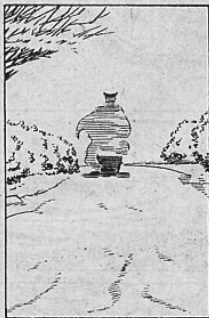


PETER DAVID - SCRIPT
GARY FIELDS - ART
GREG WRIGHT - COLORS
JIM SALICRUP - EDITOR
TOM DEPALCO
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

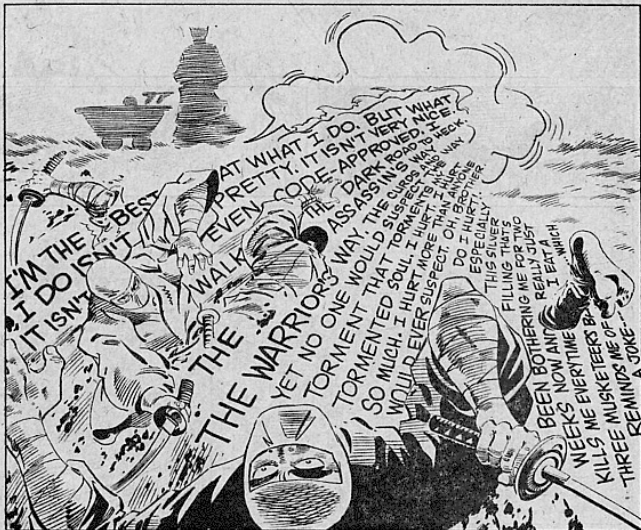
CLASH! GET IT? CLASH! NONE OF THE CLOTHES LOOKS... OH, NEVER MIND.

LONE WOLVIE and CHRIS

ローソウ・ウー・イ・ウ・イ・ウ・イ・ウ・イ









CAPTAIN AMERICA



I'VE FOUND THE SECRET HIDEOUT!

BARON ZEMO--? I DIDN'T EXPECT HIM HERE!

NOW, CAPTAIN AMERICA, YOU D--



THE CONTROLLER AND MADAM MASQUE? WITH ZEMO? SINCE WHEN DID YOU WORK TOGETHER?



OUR SIMILARITIES TRANSCEND OUR PETTY DIFFERENCES, FOOL!

THE FLOOR! RISING UP TO ENTRAP ME!

THE MOLECULE MAN!



INDEED, CAPTAIN--WE SUCCEEDED BECAUSE OF OUR COMMON BOND!



DOCTOR DOOM! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED!

SILENCE, CAPTAIN! YOU ARE NOW A PRISONER OF--

--THE **ALL-SCAR SQUADRON!**



EVERYONE! MASKS OFF!

THAT NAME IS DEFINITELY CRUMMY!

MARC SIRY: SCRIPT & PENCILS, HECTOR COLLAZO: INKS, RICK PARKER: LETTERS, GREGORY WRIGHT: COLORS

END

SOMEWHERE ON ONE OF THE SEVEN SEAS, THE EVIL CAPTAIN BAD AND HIS CREW OF BLOODTHIRSTY PIRATES ARE ABOUT TO BOARD AN UNSUSPECTING CRUISE SHIP...



THEY CAME FROM AN ALTERNATE DIMENSION AND FIGHT FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND--ACTUALLY THEY'RE JUST HERE TO HAVE FUN! THEY ARE--

AS ONE CAPTAIN TO ANOTHER, I WAS HOPING YOU'D SHOW A LITTLE PROFESSIONAL COURTESY AND LET ME STEER THE SHIP!

SCOTT LOEBELL - SCRIPT
GARY FIELD - ART/LETTERS
GREGORY WRIGHT - COLOR
JIM SALICRUP - EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO - EZ IN CHIEF

ROLL CALL:



CAPT. MARVEL BALL



WONDER BALL



SHE-RIBBLES



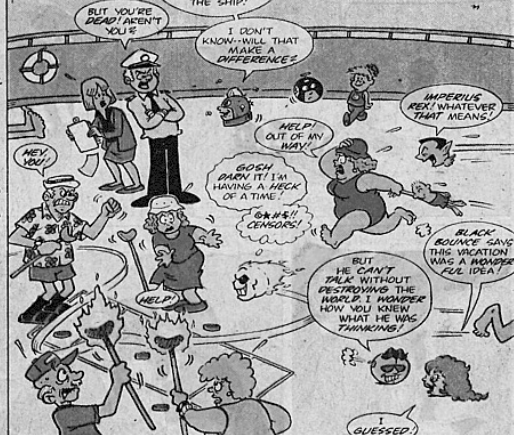
BLACK ROUGE



GHOST ROLLER

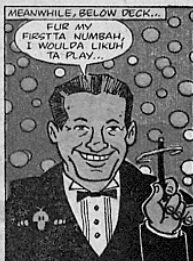


SUBUNDERHANDER

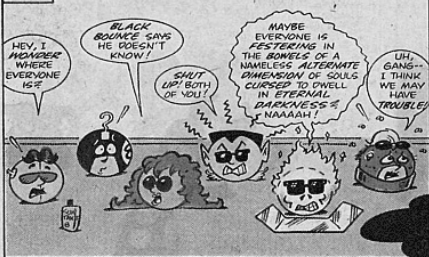


THE MARVEL BALLS IN A STORY WE HAD TO CALL...
"HARD BALL!"
(OKAY, WE DIDN'T HAVE TO CALL IT THAT--IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA.)

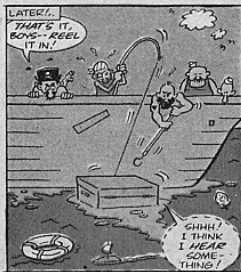




LATER...



LOOK, I REALIZE YOU GUYS ARE ONLY ON VACATION, AND I'M STILL NEW TO THIS WHOLE SUPER HERO THING, SO I WAS HOPING YOU'LL ALL AGREE TO LEAVE QUIETLY. WHAT DO YOU SAY?



IT BEGAN IN A SECRET CLANDESTINE COVERT MEETING OF THE COMMISSARY... (ONE WHICH NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT.)

I'M HENRY PETER-
GYRATION, SPECIAL AGENT
FOR THE NSC, THE CIA,
THE UPC, AND THE MIC-
KEY MOUSE.

BECAUSE THE GOVERNMENT'S
ATTEMPT TO REPLACE THE ORIG-
INAL CHARLIE AMERICA HAD
ENDED IN COMPLETE FAILURE
(IF YOU DON'T COUNT INCREASED
SALES TOWARD THE END)...

--WE NATURALLY THOUGHT
WE'D TRY IT AGAIN. (WHO SAID
WE LEARNED ANYTHING FROM
"SECRET WARS II?")

IRVING FORBUSH WAS CHOSEN
FOR HIS EARNESTNESS, HIS PASSION
FOR THE U.S. OF A., AND HIS SUB-
CONSCIOUS DESIRE TO HANG-OUT
AT THE BEACH AND KICK SAND IN
A BULLY'S
FACE.

BESIDES--WE COULDN'T FIND
A LOT OF TEST SUBJECTS
WILLING TO CHUG A BEAKER OF
BOILING RADIOACTIVE SUPER
SOLDIER FORMULA.

NOT THAT AN ARMY OF THESE
SOLDIERS WILL DO MUCH GOOD
IN THE EVENT OF A NUCLEAR
WAR--BUT WE CAN HIRE THEM
OUT AS PRINCE'S BODYGUARDS
TO CUT OUR LOSSES!

SULPC
CAN WE GO OVER
THIS PART ONE
MORE TIME?

WHAT NO ONE COULD HAVE
GUESSED, HOWEVER...

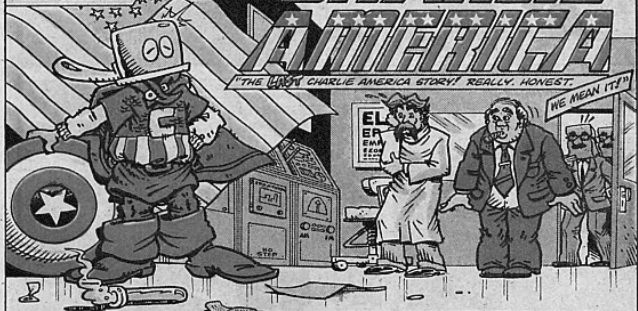
WAS THAT NOTHING--ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING--WOULDN'T HAPPEN.
ALTHOUGH EVEN THIS RELATIVELY
MINOR SETBACK WOULDN'T CHANGE
THE FACT THAT IRVING FORBUSH
WOULD BECOME...

THE LAST

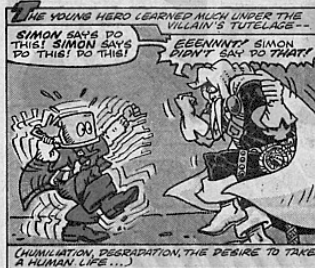
CHARLIE AMERICA

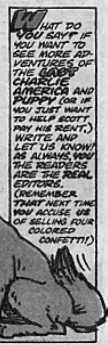
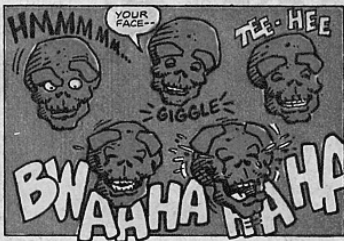
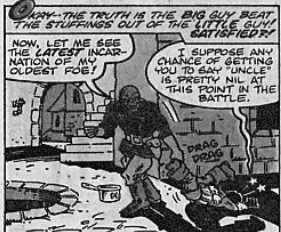
"THE LAST CHARLIE AMERICA STORY! REALLY, HONEST."

WE MEAN IT!!



SCOTT LOBDEZ WRITER
RON ZALME PENCILS
RON ZALME INKS
RON ZALME LETTERS
GREGORY WRIGHT COLORS*
(*RON ZALME WAS TOO BUSY.)





Starchy in "Four Pages with Starchy"



DAVE SCHWARTZ, STORY & PENCILS; JON D'AGOSTINO, INKS; GREG WRIGHT, COLORING;
 & GOOD OL' RICK PARKER, LETTERING; JIM SALICRUP, EDITOR; TOM D'ALFARO, EDITOR IN CHIEF

MORONICA'S
 OUTFIT BY THE
 SALVATION ARMY.

HI, SWEETIE-PIE!
 HOW ABOUT A KISS?
 LOVE THAT SMOOTH
 SKIN!

ANY
 MAIL
 TODAY?

YOUR FATHER
 WROTE A
 LETTER FROM
 THE RETIREMENT
 HOME. HE SAID
 HE CAN'T GIVE
 YOU THE MONEY
 YOU WANTED.

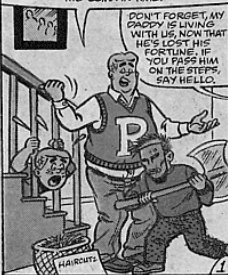


STARCHY ANDROODS!
 YOU'RE 442 YEARS
 OLD! YOU STILL GET
 AN ALLOWANCE
 AND YOU'RE THE
 OLDEST
 SENIOR IN THE
 HISTORY OF RIVER-
 PULLHIGH!
 THAT'S DIS-
 GUSTING!



BY THE
 WAY, WHY ARE
 YOU STILL IN
 SCHOOL?

MORONICA, I'M GOING UPSTAIRS TO STUDY.
 WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE AN ENGLISH
 EXAM, IF MISS CRIMBY COMES OUT OF
 THE COMA IN TIME.



AH...IT'S GREAT FOR A MAN TO COME HOME AFTER A HARD DAY AND RELAX.



HOME -- WHERE A MAN IS KING OF HIS CASTLE.

HELLO, MR. COOPER.



HOME--WHERE A MAN CAN FIND COMFORT IN THE

BOSOM

OF HIS FAMILY.

Woooooof



HELLO, STARCHY ANDROOD. REMEMBER ME?

BIDDY COOPER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

BIDDY'S DRESS BY FREDERICKS OF HOLLYWOOD



YOU MEAN BESIDES DEFYING THE LAWS OF GRAVITY BY STANDING UP STRAIGHT? WELL, STARCHY--WHEN YOU MARRIED MORONICA, I PACKED UP AND MOVED TO L.A., AND BECAME AN ACTRESS IN SOME FILMS. I'M REALLY ASHAMED OF AND NOW I'VE COME BACK TO RIVERPULL TO START MY LIFE OVER.



BIDDY'S HAIRSTYLE BY VIDOLL SAGWINE.

GOSH, BIDDY! WHAT A TERRIBLE LIFE!

I KNOW! IT'LL MAKE A GREAT BOOK AND TV MINI-SERIES...



BIDDY'S GLOVES BY PLAYTEX

WELL... THANKS FOR DOING A CAMEO APPEARANCE IN THIS STORY, BIDDY. SEE YOU IN THE MOVIES.



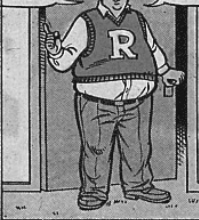
BIDDY'S BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND!



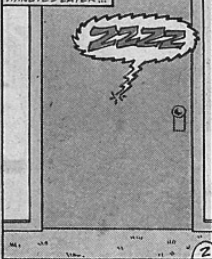
WELL, GANG... HERE'S WHERE WE PART COMPANY FOR AWHILE. I'M GOING INTO MY ROOM TO DO SOME INTENSE STUDYING FOR TOMORROW'S ENGLISH TEST.

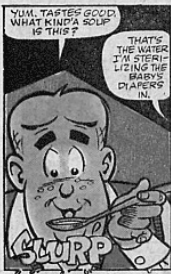
I MEAN, I'M TALKING MAJOR STUDYING. NO FOOLING AROUND!

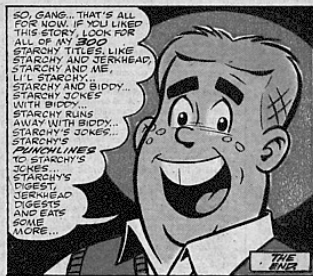
I'LL SEE YOU LATER ON THE NEXT PAGE.



MINUTES LATER...







BULLISH BULLETINS

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Truly, the end of an era. **WHAT THE**—?! will be missed.

—François Mitterrand

"**WHAT THE**—?! was a ray of sunshine in our otherwise dark, dank, hopeless world...it was the only salvation for millions who had nowhere else to turn...Thank you, **WHAT THE**—?!."

—Margaret Thatcher, British Prime Minister

"My issues were brilliant. Jim's issues weren't fit to wrap fish in. Hey, it's a free country, I can have an opinion, can't I?"
—Carl Potts, **WHAT THE**—?! editor (issues 1 & 2)

Those were just a few of the comments heard at the closing ceremonies for the **WHAT THE**—?! Limited Series, held in Bonn, West Germany this month. Hundreds of foreign dignitaries gathered together in this massive outpouring of thanks and prayer for Marvels Mag of Mirth and Mayhem. As the special **WHAT THE**—?! banner was lowered, and the Eternal Torch extinguished, tears flowed from the eyes of all present. Yet, in the midst of all the sadness and fond remembrance, there was a tiny glimmer of hope for the future. Rumors of **WHAT THE**—?!'s return, perhaps as a quarterly book, or an annual event, gave the assembled legions a reason to carry on. However, a grim shadow was cast on the proceedings with the arrival of a mysterious parcel—postmarked in the Tripoli station of the Libyan Postal Service. Inside, security forces were shocked to find a copy of issue #3 of the **WHAT THE**—?! Limited Series—but part of its cover was removed, and it was in a mutilated condition! (avid fans of the indicia will note that this is expressly forbidden.) Luckily, Pope John Paul II and his Swiss Guards were able to calm the crowd in the ensuing chaos. It seems that Libyan strongman Colonel Muammar el-Kaddafi was seeking revenge because his fan letter failed to appear in issue #3. However, the panic soon passed, and just as Navy A-6 bombers were punishing the Colonel for his crime against humanity, a resolution was passed to inter the deceased issue in a special marble and gold mausoleum in Arlington National Cemetery with full military honors and a 24-hour Marine guard.

President Reagan closed the ceremony with the following words:

"I know, all of this uh, kind of reminds me of, oh, it must have been uh, about 1946...we were uh, finishing up my latest movie, **UNDERSEA GLADIATORS OF THE 6TH FLEET**...and every night, after studying my, uh, script, I would uh, cuddle up with my copy of **WHAT THE**—?! and laugh until I uh, uh, well, I would laugh a lot, because, uh, that's the uh, one for the Gipper."

At that point, Secret Service agents intervened by landing the President's helicopter behind him, thus drowning out the remainder of his words with the engine noise.

Marvel Editor in Chief Tom DeFalco was originally scheduled to attend, but was unable to after an inspection of the contribution can by the coffee machine revealed only \$2.44, far short of the required \$1200 airfare. Evidently, Marvel's 1988 budget has already been spent reprinting Barry Windsor-Smith's issue of **IRON MAN** because it had accidentally been printed upside down on brown paper bags.



Pro File On: GENGHIS KHUBLAI HABLAI DIABLO JONES

Editor on: Editor! Editor! What is this editor? I am a Nomadic Mongolian Conqueror! I love to plunder!

My hobbies are: Hacking, slashing, pillaging, hacking, (did I say that already?)

The single work which I am most proud of is: My job on those "6%&!! neighbors in 1978...oh, maybe I should not be saying this in public...

My pet peeves are: Quickly eliminated.

My place of birth is: The Mongolian Plain (three buttes from the end of the Marco Polo trail).

My greatest accomplishment outside the comics field is: All of my accomplishments are outside of the comics field! I am not in the comics field! Why am I on this page?

If they were making a movie of my life, I'd like my part to be played by: I do not allow my image to be captured by that infernal device!

The reason I got into comics was: AAAGH! Comics again! I have nothing to do with comics! I am a Nomadic Mongolian Conqueror! Some fool stuffed this rag in my face, and for some reason beyond sanity I am filling it out!

People who knew me in High School thought I was: A Nomadic Mongolian Conqueror, which is exactly what I am.

My favorite performers are: My dancing girls, who else? What is this interrogation? WHO WANTS TO KNOW?

The last good book I read was: Reading is for mikrops, and comics books, whatever that is.

The last good movie I saw was: Again with the infernal devices! **The biggest influences on my work include:** I begin to detect a falsity in this line of questioning.

My greatest unfulfilled ambition in the comics field is: Running cold steel through the people responsible for this embarrassment. **The worst part of my job is:** What sort of soulless, hopeless, lost whelp would waste their time reading these pulpit pro-files?

When nobody's looking I like to: A curse on your lineage, and their lamas, too.

The one thing I really want the world to know about me is: I spit on your women and trample your brethren! Away with you, you sons of weasel kidneys!

H
Y
P
E
B
O
X

- Glee-glob action! Whuzzah whuzzah wildness to an unprecedented degree! These are just a few of the phrases that describe the electrifying excitement of Mighty Marvel's new line of bouncing, bolsterous, BALL comics! With the anticipated smashing success of our first, flagship, fabulous, fantastical book, **SPEEDBALL**, we're ready to launch a whole swirlful slew of books! An indescribable bundle of boundless enthusiasm! Starting this summer with:
- **BEACH BALL**—Like, dude! Totally tubular, and totally out of tune with today! Written by someone who watched **GIDGET** once! Guaranteed to be completely out of date, and an embarrassment to read!
- **HAIR BALL**—Love child turned springing superstar!
- **SKEE BALL**—Filly tickets gets you a free subscription!
- **MEDICINE BALL**—A valiant surgeon gains the ability to...you guessed it—bounce!
- **HARD BALL**—This guy plays for keeps—the "PUNISHER" of the Speedballverse. Or maybe the Clint Eastwood. Or Robocop. Whatever.
- Also, look for these exciting new titles—The Ball-a-Dancer! The Ball-shevik! The Ball-tie Seal The Em-Ball-mer! And so on!

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR THE READERS OF

WHAT THE-??

HELLO, EVERYBODY! THIS IS FRED HEMBECK, CARTONIST-HUMORIST-ACUPUNCTURIST-AND CONTRIBUTOR TO THE LAST 3 ISSUES OF THIS FINE PUBLICATION....

...AND I'M SISTER VOODOO, LONG LOST DISAFF SIBLING OF DANIEL AND JERICHO DRUMM, BETTER KNOWN TO YOU ALL AS BROTHER VOODOO--



--AND WE'RE HERE TODAY AT THE END OF THE FOUR-ISSUE RUN OF MARVEL'S HIGHLY ACCLAIMED--(WELL, I LIKED IT)--LIMITED SERIES OF MIRTHFUL MAYHEM, WHAT THE-??, WITH A PLEA.

THAT'S RIGHT, FRED--A PLEA FOR HELP!



HELP IN KEEPING THIS PERIODICAL PERIODIC! WHY, THERE ARE MANY, MANY CHARACTERS IN THE MARVEL UNIVERSE--OF WHICH I AM BUT ONE--WHO'VE NOT BEEN ABLE TO CHUCKLE AT SATIRIC TREATMENTS OF THEIR PERSONAS WITHIN THE PAGES OF WHAT THE-?? PURELY DUE TO SPACE CONSIDERATIONS, AND ON BEHALF OF THOSE DERIVED CHARACTERS, I EMPLOY YOU TO HELP KEEP WHAT THE-?? ALIVE!



(...STILL, I ADMIT IT'S DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE A PARODY OF ME, SISTER VOODOO. AFTER ALL, HOW COULD ANYONE POSSIBLY FIND ANYTHING FUNNY ABOUT ME?...)



...heh...



READERS, I APPEAL TO YOU!--

(...I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T INCLUDE ME IN THAT STATEMENT...)



SO, FAITHFUL FANS IF EVEN ONCE OVER THESE PAST 4 ISSUES YOU--

--CHUCKLED--
--SNICKERED--

--TITTERED--
--LAUGHED--

--GUFFAWED--
--OR JUST PLAIN SMILED!

HELP US SO WE CAN DO IT AGAIN!



NOW, MY ORIGINAL IDEA WAS TO GIVE OUT THE UNLISTED HOLLYWOOD PHONE NUMBER OF OUR FEARLESS LEADER, Stan Lee, AND SUGGEST YOU FOLKS CALL HIM AT ALL ODD HOURS WITH YOUR...ah...REQUESTS--



INSTEAD, WE'LL UTILIZE THE OLD TRIED AND TRUE POSTAL SOLUTION. THE TRICK HERE IS FOR ALL OF YOU TO WRITE IN SAYING HOW MUCH YOU LOVED WHAT THE-?? AND HOW MUCH YOU'D LIKE TO SEE MORE OF IT!

SEND THOSE CARDS AND LETTERS TO:



WHAT THE-?? HELP
50 MARVEL COMICS
GROUP
387 PARK AVE. SOUTH
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
10016

AFTER ALL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'VE BEEN SAYING AROUND THESE PARTS FOR MANY, MANY YEARS--AT MARVEL, YOUR READERS ARE THE REAL EDITORS!



HEY IF THAT'S THE CASE, YOU FOLKS MIGHT MENTION SOMETHING ABOUT A RAISE FOR ME IN THOSE LETTERS TOO OKAY? WOULDJA DO THAT FOR ME? huh? WOULDJA?

C'MON--TIME TO GO!

GOO--NEXT TIME WE NEED A HUMAN OFFICE. I'LL HAVE TO KEEP THIS GUY IN MIND...



WITNESS A UNIVERSE BEYOND THE KEN OF MERE MORTALS--
A UNIVERSE OF BREATHTAKING--UHM--*REALITY!*

JOURNEY WITH US NOW, THROUGH A WORLD THICK WITH MINDLESS
MERCHANDISE, AND DEVOID OF SOCIALLY REDEEMING VALUES!

WELCOME TO THE WORLD *INSIDE* YOUR WINDOW--



THE YOU UNIVERSE!